Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentle men,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord;
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent and cried on victory:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If yon doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

Then in the name of God an
Aduance your standards dra
For me, the ransome of my b
Shall be this cold corps on th
But if I thriue, the gaine of m
The least of you shall share h
Sound drumes and trumpets
God, and Saint *George*, *Rich*

Enter King Richa

King. What sayd *Northu*
Rat. That he was neuer tra
King. He sayd the truth, a
Rat. He smiled and sayd, th
King. He was in the right,
Tell the clocke there
Giue me a Kalender, who sa
Rat. Not I my Lord,
King. then he disdaines to
He should haue brau'd the
A blacke day will it be to so
Rat. My Lord.
King. The sunne will not be
The skie doth frowne and lo
I would these dewie teares
Not shine to day, why, wha
More then to Richmond? fo
That frownes on me looke sa

Enter Norfol

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lo
King. Come bustle, bust
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid hi
I will lead forth my souldie
And thus my battell shall b
My fore-ward shall be dra
Consisting equally of horse
Our archers shall be placed
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Tho*
Shall haue the leading of th
They thus directed, we wi

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